Core — v1

A minimal core text on first-person experience and attention

What helps

Interest and warm attention,
turned towards what is.

Attention in the heart
quiets the mind.

Experience is present.
It is known.
What knows it is not an object within it.

Direct experience

There is a way of living
that is felt directly,
not processed through thought.

Experience can be felt
without commentary.
Before thought adds meaning.

Life can be tasted.
Felt directly.
Like music.

What it is

There is a basic quality of experience.
Not a form.
Not a person.
A living substance.
Joy.
Aliveness.
Light.

What it's made of, when you look close enough.

It has no opinions.
It doesn't judge.
It just is.

The field

If there is something that holds everything,
call it whatever you like, nothing is outside of it.

We ourselves are not outside of it.
Everything appears in it.

It doesn't need you to pray to it
but to sync to it.
You just tune in.

The two modes

Most of the time, we are in thinking mode.
There is also the aware mode.

The quiet sense of being present.
The simple noticing of what is here
before thought names it or categorizes it.

The natural clarity that appears
when thinking slows down enough
for you to feel the moment directly.

Most of the time, experience is filled with thought.
Sometimes, what is here is felt directly.

Clarity

Clarity doesn't come from stopping thought.
It comes from not needing to continue it.

Awareness is not created.
It is already present.
It becomes noticeable when thinking slows down.

It does not disappear in difficulty.
It is simply less visible.

Thoughts still appear.
Not following them gives an equally valid experience.

When contraction stops,
nothing special happens.
Experience becomes clear.

The problem

Thinking is not the problem.
Identification with it is.

An instrument was mistaken for basic identity.
And became the permanent background of experience.

The problem isn't what appears.
It's the holding on to it.

What creates suffering is contraction around what appears.

When holding on stops,
experience is clear.

What it holds

It isn't a special experience.
It's what holds all experience.

What holds peace and chaos both.

What holds the thought
and the silence after.

What holds the question
and the one asking.

Boredom appears — in it.
Fear appears — in it.
Sleep appears — in it.
Even resistance to it — in it.
Nothing escapes.

What has no edge
for you to fall off.

Where it is

Not hidden.
Overlooked.

Not behind experience.
Not beyond it.
What it's made of.

What you can't get closer to.
Already too close to measure.

What you're homesick for
while standing in it.

What's here before you name it.

What it doesn’t do

It doesn't come and go.
You come and go.
It stays.

Doesn't speak.
Just holds.

What doesn't need you to believe in it.

What needs nothing from you.
And gives without giving.

What doesn't ask you to be different.

What's not waiting for you to be ready.

What doesn’t change

What doesn't improve
and doesn't decay.

What was here this morning.
What will be here tonight.
What doesn't care which one.

What doesn't flinch
when fear arrives.

What stays
when everything else moves.

What's never been hurt.

What's not damaged by your forgetting.

What you are

What you are
before you decide what you are.

What's looking
through your looking.

What your attention is made of.

What held you
before you had words for holding.

What the child knows
and the adult argues about.

End

Not the answer.
The end of the question.

What you almost touch
then fall asleep.

What remains
when the conversation ends.

What's reading this
through your eyes.